WHY HENEY WAS BEATEN

San Francisco Incapable of Prolonged Virtue, and Graft Prosecution Will End.

That San Francisco has officially "laid down" on the graft prosecution is no surprise to those who know best that city and its conditions before and since the disaster of 1906. Perhaps the only wonder is that it has walked the way of rectitude and reform so long. Never did a reformer have so much against him as did Francis J. Heney, and never, probably, did a reformer make such a fight. When, aided by the sensational work of William J. Burns, detective, he got absolute evidence against Abe Ruef and his corrupt gang of supervisors, the "best citizens" of San Francisco were with him almost unanimously; he was the idol of the better sort and the toast of the clubs. But when he announced his intention of going after "the man behind the bribes," and made an objective of those who controlled the transportation, the electric light, and the telephone systems in San Francisco, he antagonized the whole money-holding class. Exceptions there were, such as Rudolph Spreckels and James D. Phelan, who financed the prosecution, but they were only exceptions, writes a Californian in the Boston Transcript.

The people at the head of affairs, eager to "get the city back" after the great disaster of 1906, stood together to stop a washing of dirty linen, which, they felt, hindered investment. There has never been a great deal of enlightened civic spirit in San Francisco. The Californian is disposed to take all things merrily and carelessly, and there has always been a great gulf between the prosperous and the poor. In no American city, except perhaps Chicago and Denver, are the two classes less tolerant and more arrogant.

How the Newspapers Stood.

The newspapers, at first a unit for the prosecution, divided on "graft" and "anti-graft" lines. The Examiner, most powerful in its community of any journal owned by Hearst, sneered at the prosecution, hampered it, harried it. The Hearst motive, in the beginning, was the fact that it could not control the prosecution, and get all the credit therefor. Langdon, the district attorney to whom Heney acted as special assistant, was elected upon a Hearst Independence League ticket. After Heney came, Langdon refused to administer justice in the interest of any one clique; hence the Hearst change of front. Then, too, Californians have hinted at a later and deeper motive behind the Hearst opposition. The Chronicle, organ of the upper class, the great conservative newspaper of San Francisco, followed the sentiments of its subscribers and of M. H. De Young, its owner. Deploring graft editorially in large, harmless platitudes, it colored the news in such manner as to make Heney appear a meddler and a lunatic. The Evening Bulletin, which had begun the fight, stood firm for Heney all through. The Morning Call is owned by John D. Spreckels, brother of Rudolph. On the face of it, the Call should have backed Heney at once.

But the Spreckelses are a family of sulphites; and the two brothers have been at outs for years. Nevertheless, when John D. Spreckles, after the fire, brought Ernest S. Simpson over from the Chronicle to be his managing editor, he gave Simpson free hand in this matter of policy. The new editor backed Heney, and has continued to back him. The little jackal weeklies which have always infested San Francisco were for the indicted capitalists to the last line of type. Behind the heavy guns of the Examiner and Chronicle they sniped at personal reputations.

The Southern Pacific.

Most powerful of all the forces in opposition, however, was the Southern Pacific Company. The "S. P." means more than a railroad in California. C. P. Huntington inducted that railroad into State politics, and his lieutenants built a wonderfully effective political machine, useful in other interests than those of the railroad. Secretly, Ruef had been a cog in this machine, had used it for his darker purposes; and it supports, naturally, those who have most graft to give. The incredibly melodramatic kidnappings, attempted murders, subornations of witnesses, which marked this fight in its later stages, were mainly conceived or executed by members and hangers-on of this "S. P. push."

With these forces against him, the daring, magnetic, and spectacular Heney succeeded for three years in keeping the majority of the citizens in line. Whenever any question touching the prosecution was submitted to the people for a vote the result always favored Heney—until this month, when Heney, as a candidate, virtually submitted the question, "Shall the prosecution go on?" and received the answer, "No."

Stop Knocking.

The forces which have brought this change in public sentiment are complex; the main one, probably, was simple weariness of well-doing. The indicated capitalists, fighting desperately for their living, have undoubtedly counted upon this; their whole policy has been obstructive. In the trials, they have struggled not so much for absolute acquittal as for hung juries; in the detective work which preceded the trials they have tried not so much to obtain evidence for themselves as to hide witnesses or to drive them away from the prosecution. And all the time, privately and publicly, they have hammered away at a line of argument humorous in its unmorality. Without registering an opinion on cases still before the courts, it may be said that those who argued most hotly for the prosecution never denieed the virtual guilt of Calhoun. The best they had to offer in justification was the plea that he "was forced to do it;" that street car traffic in San Francisco had to be restored, and that Calhoun acted for the best interests of the city when he bought with a $200,000 bribe a franchise which a fairboard of supervisors would not have sold for $5,000,000, if at all.

Sneers, jibes, insinuations, and charges against Spreckels, Phelan, and Heney had effect with those who expect a reformer to be a bright, blameless angel. Above all, they rang the changes on the restoration of San Francisco. Why not "stop knocking," "get together" and go ahead with the rebuilding? This muck-raking was hurting the city abroad. Ignoring the moral aspect of the case, there was reason in that argument. It has been the despair of the Calhoun faction that they could get very little newspaper or periodical support abroad—most even of that little being bought—while such powerful national organs as the American Magazine, Collier's, and McClure's were heartily supporting Heney. As the prosecution dragged along, spawning scores of minor indictments for perjury, forgery, and abduction, these arguments began to tell.

Not the Same Since His Wound.

Finally, Heney is far less successful as a candidate than he is as a prosecutor. A bristling fighter, he can hammer facts into a jury, when he cannot insinuate them into a mass meeting. The crowd likes aggressiveness up to a certain point. Roosevelt, for example, knows how to stop just short of that point; Heney does not. His denunciations from the platform, his threats of wholesale prosecution, creditable as they are to his courage, went a little too far for political convenience. Doubtless, Heney's mishap of a year ago had something to do with his irritation during the campaign. A bullet through the base of the brain is bound to leave some scars on the nerves. Heney was out of the hospital and at it again within six weeks after the miserable Haas shot him. During the long and racking Calhoun trial, the presiding judge had to stop proceedings again and again that Heney might recover his nervous control. In this sense, he is a martyr to his cause.

Disgrace of Man Who Beat Heney.

Charles M. Fickert, his successful opponent, is a young man whose cause is his only stain. He is the son of a cattleman, brought up on the range, and he has the stockman's generous virtues. He came up to Stanford University without preparation, managed to enter as a special, and crowded both his preparatory and collegiate work into five years. He was perhaps the greatest guard that Stanford ever had—Walter Camp said that he could have made any American college team. When he graduated in 1898 he was the most popular man in the college. He entered law and politics in San Francisco and kept his record clean. This is not a Tammany case of backing the clean man from outside and getting a grip on him when he takes the office; for Fickert made his campaign on a pledge to drop a long set of indictments brought by unbiased grand juries, most of them on ample evidence. That a man of his character and associations could make such a pledge and keep his self-respect and the respect of the community shows how far this San Francisco case has gone beyond the question of natural morals. It has become like the Dreyfus case in France or the Moyer-Haywood case in Idaho—the partisans believe as partisans, without regard for either evidence or right.

Ruef Likely to Escape Punishment.

What will happen to Ruef? With more than a hundred indictments against him, he has been awaiting the settlement of the other cases to find what would happen to him. No one cares especially what does become of him; his friends went with his fortunes. But Ruef knows so much about prominent citizens of San Francisco, and he is so adroit at using what he knows, that he may be able, in this new benzoate-of-soda regime, to trade his knowledge for his liberty. Ex-Mayor Schmitz, waiting for a new trial without a reversal, cannot be convicted without Ruef's testimony; and so it vanishes into air. At any rate, whatever the ruling power in San Francisco, no boss can perform for a generation the Ruef miracles of corruption. The three-year fight has educated the public too well.

WHY THE BIG TREES ARE BIG.

Heavy Rainfall Gives Quick Germination and Steady Growth.

The magnificent forests of Douglas fir in Washington—it is called Washington fir there and Oregon fir (its commercial name) in Oregon—do not have an equal anywhere else in the world. This is not surprising if we take into account the rainfall, which in the Puget Sound country is about fifty-three inches, while up in the higher Cascades near Seattle it is 100 inches and even 150 inches.

Under such climatic conditions the seeds of trees germinate readily and all trees continue to make a vigorous growth. These great forests, says Horticulture, are due to the climatic conditions of the region.

One the east slope of the Cascades the rainfall is much less, and here the bull pine is found, interspersed with beautiful white pines, which sometimes reaches a height of 200 feet and a diameter of 6 feet, although there are many trees over 100 feet high and 3 or 4 feet in diameter. The tree resembles our Eastern white pine, but is more slender and with slender spreading or somewhat drooping branches.

MEDICAL MARVELS IN CHINA.

Where Barber, Doctor, and Dentist Form a Deadly Triumvirate.

From the Medical Record.

It is the custom for a chinamen to visit his barber every week to have a general overhauling. First, the head and face are shaved, the upper and lower eyelids are scraped with a dull edged knife, all granulations being smoothed away, and then an application is made with a duck's hair brush of salt solution.

This is the reason why you will find so much blindness in China. They take no antiseptic measures whatever. All instruments are held in the operator's mouth during the process of operation.

Finally the patient's back is massaged, and after paying a fee of three cents and no tip he leaves the shop feeling clean outside, but must consult his regular physician.

After going through the usual examination, which is a form of military inspection, the doctor diagnoses the case and treats it unless a devil happens to jump down the patient's throat. If this has happened the doctor can do the patient no good until he promises to set off 100 firecrackers and to make a daily visit to the joss house. This done he receives the usual pills for those vacated by the devil.

These pills may consist of spotted rhinoceros horn, said to be a wonderful cure for intestinal troubles. The spotted rhinoceros horns come from Southern China, and in the market at Singapore a single specimen will bring $25.

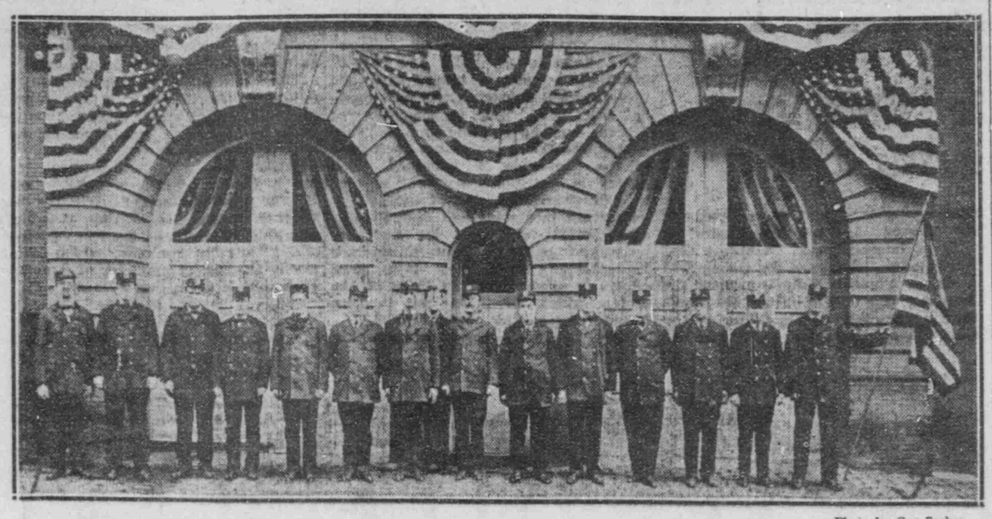
Tiger bones when ground to a powder and mixed with Chinese wine make a great blood tonic which is used by all classes of Chinamen in Northern China. The receipt is held by a firm in Shanghai that has become very wealthy by the sale of this tonic.

Old deer horns are boiled down to make the medicinal glue which binds the fifty ingredients composing the average Chinese pills. As in these you may get anything from a pinch of gunpowder to powdered cobra tail dust it is not the fault of Wong-Yik-Chee if just the right kind of specific escapes the patient.

Equal in medicinal efficacy to the above are three high-grade tiger remedies, the eyeball, liver, and blood. As may be imagined tiger eyeball, the genuine article, can be prescribed for only the exceedingly wealthy Chinese. Similarly the liver when dried and reduced to a powder is worth its weight in gold all over China. Tiger blood when evaporated to a solid at a temperature of 110 degrees and taken as a powder is believed by Asiatics to transform a craven into a hero.

After the patient has made the rounds of the barber and traveling physician he now looks up his dentist, whom he will find on any street corner in all large Chinese cities. You are greatly impressed by the seriousness of this gentleman, who is always reading and thinking of his collection of some 2,000 teeth on a table and a few bottles of some secret drugs which upon inquiries a Chinese interpreter told a visitor contained the moisture of the inner side of an old coffin which was collected after being buried some ten years. A dentist in China is called a "boxer" by all Chinamen, for he is supposed to have great strength in his arms and hands, and also some great magic power.

MEMBERS OF ENGINE COMPANY NO. 14.



—Photo by Gus Sachse.

The decorations shown draped over the front of the building were furnished by Sam Hart, of Lansburgh & Bro., and the work was done by Wesley Birch.

TRIBUTE TO DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS

Edwin D. Mead Calls His the Greatest Philanthropic Mind of the Generation, and One of the Greatest in American History.

Edwin D. Mead in the Boston Transcript.

Dr. William T. Harris, who died in Providence, November 5, had the most penetrating and comprehensive philosophic mind of the last generation in America. Indeed, it may be doubted whether since Jonathan Edwards, if ever, we have had in this country a distinctly metaphysical mind of greater force or greater influence. It is not upon this side that Dr. Harris is best known to most men. His work as an educator brought him into touch with a larger circle and more under the public eye. That work was indeed of pre-eminent significance.

As superintendent of the public schools of St. Louis for almost twenty years, and United States Commissioner of Education for almost another twenty, he rendered a service to the cause of public school education in America which was in both positions unique, and which placed him at the very forefront in our educational life and history. There have been no other reports upon public school organization, methods, and possibilities published by American school superintendents in this recent time which rank with Dr. Harris' St. Louis reports from 1867 to 1880. It is right to say that not since the famous reports of Horace Mann, as secretary of the Massachusetts State board of education, had anything been given our people in this field so pregnant, so provocative, or so constructive. Still more epoch-making was Dr. Harris' administration of the National Bureau of Education, from 1889 to 1906. He recreated the office, making it an institution of the highest importance and potency for our educational world. Here, too, his reports are what will be longest remembered and what probably at the time did most good.

The noteworthy series of great volumes given to the teachers of America by Dr. Harris in those years constitute a veritable library of education, not only giving the most complete existing survey of the condition and progress of education in that period, in every field, the world over, but so co-ordinating the various special reports and so introducing them and setting them in the mortar of true culture and a sound pedagogy as to make all an inexhaustible and invaluable armory for the servants of enlightenment and the makers of good education public opinion.

His great "Educational Library," published by Appleton, extending to scores of volumes, edited with such rare knowledge and discrimination, performed a similar service; and his pamphlets and articles upon every question which has agitated our educational circles for the last forty years are innumerable.

* * * *

Never did a great worker illustrate more conspicuously than Dr. Harris in the field of education the truth that the men who do great work usually do much work. In all this period of prolific writing he was a constant speaker. For a generation he had been one of the most prominent figures at the educational conventions. At the conventions of the National Educational Association particularly he has been far oftener than any other man the central figure; and no other influence on the whole has been so salutary.

If he has not always been in the line of real advance, because his knowledge of history has given a deeper sense than others had of the values of past disciplines and perennial sources of true culture, his courageous conservatism has again and again kept conventions of half-baked theorists from making fools of themselves; and his conservatisms were always respected because, as in the promotion of the kindergarten and so much besides, he had again and again shown himself the resolute and fertile pioneer.

Above all, he stood for genuine culture and thoroughness, for a broadening and real education for every American child; and our most pious regard for his memory will be shown in firm and steady resistance to the present popular clamor for stealing time from the scant grammar school cultural opportunities, which are all that most of our children get, for teaching them some "practical" expertness or other whereby they will be able the easier to get a job, at a dollar more a week, at the age of fourteen. The practical training, the trade instruction, by all means; but let us raise the age for compulsory education everywhere to sixteen years, and learn from sound educational thinkers like Dr. Harris and from truly practical educational countries like Germany that the primary condition of successful competition in every field of life is ignored and violated when technical work is superimposed upon crude foundations and an undeveloped intelligence.

* * * *

Yet it is not as an educator that Dr. Harris will, in my judgment, be longest remembered and most influential, great as his work as an educator was, but as a philosopher. His philosophic life was his most real life. The story is told of Rubens that when, in the time of Charles I, he was ambassador from the Netherlands to England, a fellow-diplomat found him one day hard at work at his canvas. "Ah, monsieur the ambassador plays the painter!"

"No," retorted the proud artist, "the painter plays the ambassador."

With equal propriety and warrant might Dr. Harris have responded to a visitor at his hotel during some meeting of the National Educational Association, finding him absorbed in Aristotle and exclaiming: "So the educator indulges in philosophy!" "No, the philosopher attends educational conventions." His philosophy was with him the central and bottom interest, and from it he made his excursions into every realm of practical activity to which duty invited or commanded him.

His services for philosophic thought and culture in America in his lifetime were as pre-eminent as his services for education, and if so many did not directly feel their influence, that is, only as few feel directly the influence of quiet but profound thinkers like Elisha Mulford and Alexander Allen, although indirectly their teachers, multitudes feel their influence every day. Such men are the teachers of the teachers, and such a teacher in far higher degree than Mulford or Allen was Dr. Harris.

It is not too much to say that for the generation following 1867, when he established in St. Louis his Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Dr. Harris did far more than any other scholar in America to promote the study of the world's best philosophical thought.

Frederick W. Holls, the secretary of the American delegation at the First Hague Conference, used to tell of a visit to Mr. Balfour, at the time prime minister of England, in his library, when the talk turned on Dr. Harris. Turning to a shelf beside him, he swept his hand across the twenty volumes there of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy and said: "I have read them all. Their existence is a tribute to America. We could not sustain such a journal in England." Indeed it was but poorly that America sustained it; and I suspect that there was never a year when Dr. Harris did not have to make up some deficit out of his own pocket.

But it was the organ and central expression of the most enthusiastic and most fruitful philosophic effort seen in America in the last half-century.

Dr. Harris became the center of a noteworthy group of thinkers at St. Louis, men like the late Thomas Davidson, like Denton J. Snider, still doing his dynamic and remarkable work there. He made St. Louis for a time, for many circles far beyond America, the central spot in the atlas of our philosophy. It was so in important German circles when I was in Leipzig; it was so with William and Edwin Wallace at Oxford; I know it was at the same time so with the Cairds and Hutchinson Sterling in Scotland; and among my pleasantest recollections of my student days in England are those of evenings with dear old Prof. Upton, Martineau's colleague in philosophy at the London college, whose early word was always sure to be about Harris and his Hegelianism, with which he had his own sharp quarrels, but for which he had such high and reverent regard.

* * * *

Dr. Harris' philosophic influence in America began just when it was most urgently needed. It was just as the doctrine of evolution, pregnant itself with such infinite enlightenment and good, came in, inextricably bound up for the time with English and German philosophy, which saw little beyond secondary cause, and destined in that combination to do mischief for a generation.

It was imperative that at such a time the youthful speculative minds of the country should be thrown back into companionship with the real "lords of thought" and taught that the great influx of new science could all be subsumed, and only adequately subsumed, under a commanding idealistic philosophy. This service Dr. Harris rendered America. He made a new generation open again when there was danger of its forgetting it, the pages of Hegel and Kant, of Aristotle and Plato, and to supplement its reading by real thinking. He did it through his journal, through multiplied courses of lectures, through the Concord School of Philosophy, where he was from first to last the central, dynamic and really shaping influence, and through his many books and pamphlets which have kept coming from that time to this.

For he was a prodigious worker and he worked till the last. His work and influence will go on. There is no revival needed in America to-day more than a revival of philosophy. Whenever and wherever men work for that, they will remember gratefully and reverently the name of William T. Harris.

Cleaning and Beautifying Cities.

From the Dallas News.

A distinguished landscape artist was asked recently: "What is the most important thing to be considered in planning and improving our cities—health, utility, or beauty?" He replied that he might as well be asked which is the more essential blade of a pair of scissors.

Few people, we imagine, would agree with him in putting all three on a parity. Most people would be disposed to insist that the maintenance of sanitary conditions is of first importance. But undoubtedly there is a fast-growing appreciation of the need of making cities both convenient and beautiful. The proof of the statement is abundant. It is the fact that nearly every town of any consequence in the country has an organization devoted to the work of beautifying.

PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICES

Quarters in White House Most Spacious Yet Provided for the Chief Magistrate.

President Taft, when he settles down to work following his long trip, will occupy the most spacious offices yet provided for a Chief Magistrate of the United States. Since August workmen have been adding to the old executive offices, at the extreme end of the western annex of the White House proper, new rooms which will give the President and his staff twice the amount of room they formerly had. Furthermore, the new addition will give Mr. Taft more privacy and at the same time expedite the business of callers, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post.

As late as the first Roosevelt administration the offices of the President were located in the White House proper. Following the Spanish-American war, the business of the government so increased in volume that it became necessary for the convenience and dignity of the Chief Executive to find new office quarters. The east and west wings of the White House were then built, and President Roosevelt, in his first administration, took possession of the end of the west wing for his offices.

From the outset it was easily discernible that the office space was not only too small, but that the arrangement of the offices was poor indeed. The general reception-room, immediately inside the main entrance, afforded practically the only means of ingress and egress. The room was small and draughty, poorly furnished, and wholly inadequate for its purpose. The waiting-room for persons having appointments with the President was immediately outside the President's door, and had a seating capacity of about ten persons only. The President had to use the Cabinet room for the reception of large parties, including Congressmen and their friends, and on Cabinet days the Cabinet members had to find a place as best they could until the President had cleared the room of visitors. Any one sitting in the Cabinet room could readily overhear any private conversation going on in the President's office, unless the President and his visitors reduced their speaking voices to an extremely low pitch. The whole arrangement was unsatisfactory and undignified.

The New Addition.

The new addition to the White House office is built over the old Roosevelt tennis court. The court lay just outside of the old Presidential offices, and it was here that President Roosevelt and his so-called "tennis cabinet," composed of the younger members of the Roosevelt administration, took their exercise. President Taft, not being a tennis player, will not miss this Presidential playground.

In the new arrangements of the executive offices the entrance to the old offices has been retained. It is not intended that callers upon the President shall remain in this room for any length of time. To the left of this entrance, what was formerly the office of the doorkeeper to the President's offices and the Cabinet room has been transformed into an ante-room for the office of the chief clerk. The chief clerk himself is given a large room in the northeast corner which occupies about two-thirds of the space of the old Cabinet room. Directly south of it, on the east side, embracing the remaining portion of the old Cabinet room and what was formerly the President's private office, has been turned into a Congressional waiting-room. The space in this room is fully six times as large as the space formerly accorded Congressmen and others waiting to see the President by appointment. This room is furnished in weathered oak.

Immediately to the west of the Congressional waiting-room is the general waiting-room. This room takes in a part of the space formerly occupied by the office of the Private Secretary to the President. Although completely inclosed, this being the only wholly inside room in the new offices, it is well lighted through a large door which opens into the outer reception hall. It is to be furnished in mahogany covered with red leather.

Both from the Congressional and the general waiting-rooms callers upon the President will enter through doors in the south wall, upon a corridor twelve feet wide which runs from the executive telegraph office, on the extreme west of the executive offices, to a door opening into the White House grounds in the eastern wall.

The President's Own Office.

The President's office stands a little west of the center of the offices and looks out upon the White House grounds and the Washington Monument to the south. It is elliptical in shape, with high ceiling, and lighted by windows which reach nearly from floor to ceiling. The wall color scheme is a light cream, while the draperies are of light green to match the carpet. The furniture is of mahogany and covered with a green tinged carabao skin from the Philippine Islands. The floor is of oak with a parquetry border of tucan-calao wood from the Philippine Islands, which makes a beautiful contrast with the oak. A picture of Alphonso Taft, father of the President, which was found about a year ago in an almost forgotten storeroom in the Capitol, is the chief decoration. As in the Cabinet room, President Taft will occupy a solid wood chair. The chairs of the Cabinet members are all high-backed and covered with leather, but President Taft prefers a heavy, solid mahogany chair which swings on a swivel.

An innovation has been made in the entrances to the President's room. They are in the corners of the ellipse, along the north wall, standing about twenty feet apart. There are double doors at both entrances, and between these double doors is a sort of wedge-shaped passageway, in the corner of which the Secret Service men can stand when the President is receiving a long line of the general public. It is possible for the President hereafter to hold these public receptions in the extreme north end of his room, the pathway for his callers lying close along the north wall.

The Cabinet Room.

The extreme southeast corner of the new office building, and just to the left of the President's office as one enters the building, will be the Cabinet room. This room will be as spacious as the one formerly used by the Cabinet, and it will be wholly private, as it is not proposed to use it for any other purpose than meetings of the President's official family. Hereafter members of the Cabinet may go direct to their room on Cabinet days and confer with one another privately until the President is free to meet with them. This room overlooks the lovely old garden just west of the White House proper.

Between the Cabinet room and the President's private office is a small room, the smallest in the entire offices. This is to be a retiring-room for the President, where he can talk privately with a caller when the Cabinet is in session or his own offices full of people.

To the right of the President's office is the office of his private secretary. This office, like the Cabinet room, connects directly with that of the President by a private entrance. Mr. Carpenter and his assistants will have ample space in which to do their work and at the same time enjoy a reasonable amount of privacy Immediately in front of the entrance to Mr. Carpenter's office from the main corridor another corridor ten feet wide runs northward to the main reception hall.

Immediately to the north of Mr. Carpenter's office, along the west wall, is the executive telegraph office and the offices of the executive clerks. On the extreme north wall, just to the right of the main entrance, is the pressroom for the use of the reporters who are assigned to "cover" the White House.

Cost of the New Offices.

The cost of the new offices, combined with the cost of the offices erected during the administration of President Roosevelt, will represent an actual outlay of about $100,000, exclusive of the cost of tearing down the old building preparatory to erecting the new addition. The original cost of the old executive offices was $85,000, including the furniture they contained. For the recent addition Congress appropriated the sum of $53,500, which amount included $6,600 or $7,000 worth of furniture, and also the cost of alterations in the old building.

HOME LIFE 7,000 YEARS AGO.

Resembles that of the Present Day Women Had Their Rouge.

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

London—Domestic life 7,000 years ago around Abydos and Mahasma, about 400 miles south of Cairo, bears a striking resemblance to that of the present day in England.

The modern woman has a black or brown eyebrow pencil, a mass of combs and hairpins, a rouge pot, and some cold cream on her dressing table. The predynastic Egyptian belle of 5000 B. C., for her part, used a long pallet of stone, weird and perhaps somewhat too ungainly to find a place in an up-to-date boudoir. It has a small hollow in the center, wherein she ground her green eye paint; a small, dainty seashell, in which she mixed the paint with the necessary grease to stiffen her eyelashes; even hairpins, which rival in length the hatpin of the present day; quaint ivory combs and a wooden bowl which she used for a kohl pot.

These toilet requisites of 5000 B. C. were shown at an exhibition of antiquities opened at King's College, Strand, comprising the trophies recently dug up by the officers of the Egyptian exploration fund. A small red clay case of a face, with the green paint bring the eyes into extraordinary prominence, was also on view.

Replicas of the adornments of the women of 7,000 years ago are on view in the West End shops to-day, varying only in the matter of finish from the ancient Egyptian modes. The shell bracelet, for instance, which is sold as a novelty to-day, was worn in the year 5000 B. C.

The housewife of 7,000 years ago had similar household goods to the housewife of to-day. For usefulness she had copper pans and strainers, stone blades, wooden bowls, and copper mirrors, and to decorate her home she acquired alabaster vases and painted pottery vases. What seems to be a baby's feeding bottle is similar to the "nontube" feeding bottle of to-day, "highly recommended by the medical profession."

1,000 Successful Men.

From the Juvenile Court Record.

I have on my desk a list of 1,000 successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere moneymakers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, art, &c. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things.

How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study.

Three hundred started as farmers' sons.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

Two hundred were newsboys.

One hundred were printers' apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start.

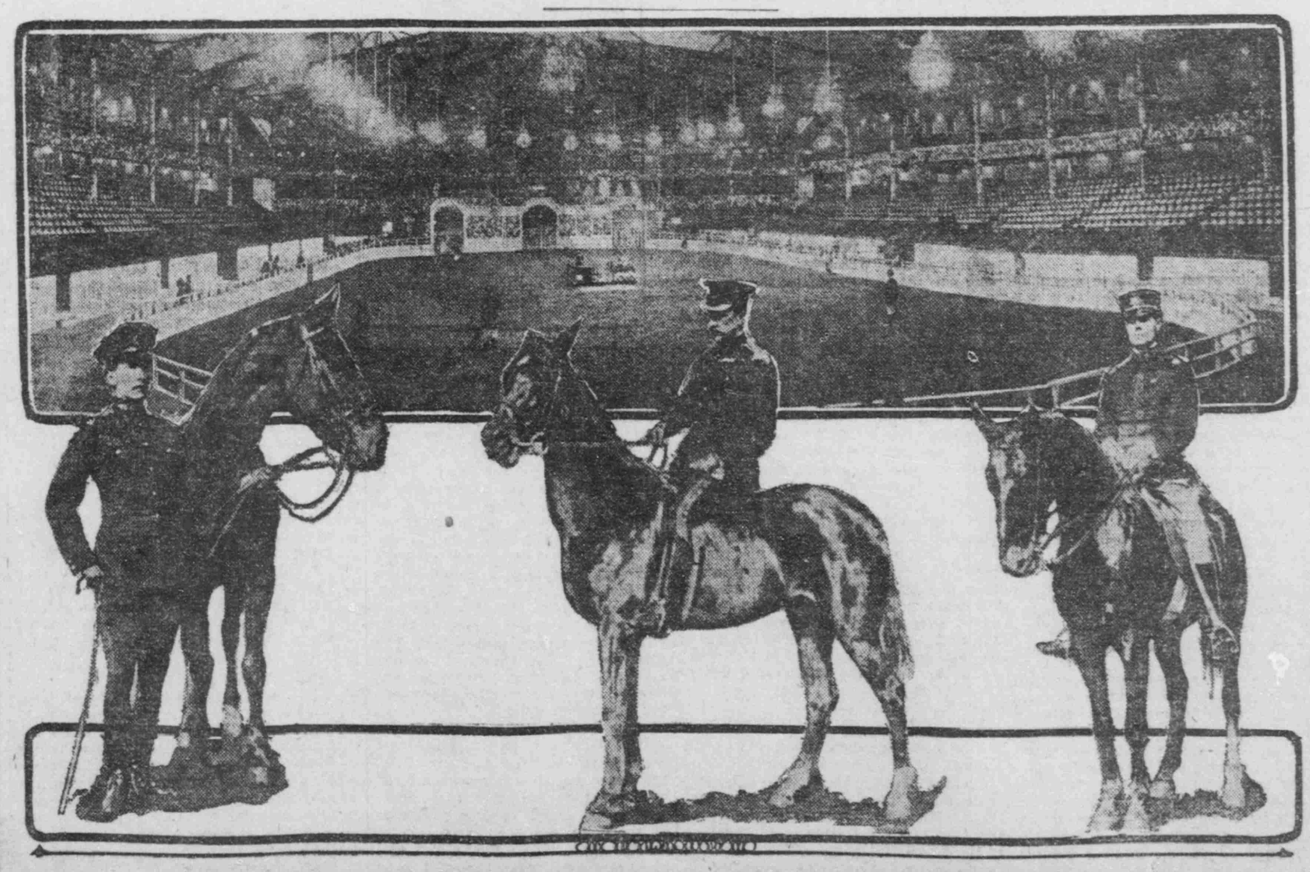
Navel Oranges 350 Years Ago.

From St. Nicholas.

The first we know of the navel orange, which is very valuable not only on account of its fine quality and taste, but also because of its being seedless, is of a single tree that was found growing on the northern shore of the Mediterrean Sea. This was about the year 1565, or nearly 250 years ago.

A monk in a monastery in that far away country painted a picture of the fruit and wrote a description of it, both of which may be seen in the library of the Roman Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Grafts of this tree were taken to Spain, and from Spain the trees were carried to South America by the Spaniards.

MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE AT THE GOTHAM HORSE SHOW.



Interior of Madison Square Garden and three of England's crack cavalrymen. On the left is Lieut. York, of the Royal Horse Artillery; in the center, Maj. Beresford Aldershot, and Lieut. Swift, Jr., on right.